

It was the evening, and the bakers were hanging out in the main room of the castle. They were separated into groups, each doing a different activity. Derpy and Apple Bloom were scrapbooking, Derpy using big, sharp scissors to cut pictures out of books and magazines. Babs was taking on the task of teaching Minkie Pie how to read, which was going well. Babs listened as Minkie read through a whole foal's book by herself. The last three Pies were coloring in adult coloring books, so they were more of a challenge than those made for foals.

Suddenly, there was a great *boom!* in the distance, and the bakers froze, all looking at each other.

"Was that the front door?" Inkie Pie asked, but no pony answered her, for now there seemed to be marching hoofsteps getting closer and closer. They all stood and huddle together, staring at the door, Derpy holding the scissors in her mouth.

*BOOM!*

The door was kicked open with enough force to make a sound that echoed throughout the entire castle. There, standing in the doorway were Princesses Celestia and Luna, accompanied by a large number of unicorn and pegasi soldiers.

"RUN!!!" Pinkie Pie shrieked, and the scene became immediate chaos. There was another door leading to the front hall of the castle, and they all made a beeline for it, but Babs and Apple Bloom had shorter legs and couldn't keep up. They were snatched and held in place by no less than five unicorns with their magic.

"Babs! Apple Bloom!" Blinky Pie shouted, and Pinkie had to stop her from going to help.

"We'll come back for them!" she shouted as they continued to run. "It's time to do the plan, girls! We have to take out the princesses *now!*"

"We don't have weapons!" said Inkie as they dashed across the hall to the front doors.

"Derpy has one!" said Pinkie. "We'll just have to improvise! We can do this! It'll be super easy!" Once the five mares made it outside, they stopped and turned to the door. The princesses and their soldiers weren't running, but chased them with a powerful walk that radiated superiority. "Derpy, remember our training!"

"You bet, Pinkie Pie!" said Derpy happily, and she took flight, rocketing toward their enemies with the scissors in her mouth. She dodged some magic cast by a soldier, but couldn't avoid Celestia's. She caught her easily, suspending her body in the air.

*CRACK!!*

Derpy's body hit the ground, and Pinkie Pie's mane deflated. There was a shocked silence as everypony waited for her to get up, but she didn't. Celestia had killed her instantly by breaking her neck.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!" Minkie's scream of anguish tugged at everypony's heart. She tried to run to Derpy, screaming in despair, but Inkie Pie grabbed the scissors, and all of them had to drag her away with them. Their enemies continued to pursue them at a walk.

They came to Zecora's hut and threw themselves inside, Inkie Pie dropping the scissors on the floor. Minkie Pie was sobbing and hyperventilating. All of them were crying hard, but the loss seemed to affect Minkie the most.

"You... you said we could do it!" Blinkie screamed at Pinkie Pie, whose flat mane almost covered part of her face like her eldest sister's. "You said it would be easy!! YOU SAID WE COULD DO ANYTHING!!"

"I... I don't know what went wrong..." Pinkie squeaked.

"Look, we can't point hooves," Inkie Pie sniffled. "We need a new plan. We have to run and hide somewhere so we have time to regroup--" There was suddenly a sharp, squelching sound and a series of grunts. The three of them turned to see Minkie Pie violently stabbing herself in the neck with the scissors.

"NO!" the sisters screamed, and they rushed over, slipping in blood. Blinkie Pie ripped the scissors out of Minkie's hooves and tossed them aside. Inkie Pie cradled her, and Pinkie tried pressing her hooves to the wounds to stop the bleeding.

"You can't leave us, please, Minkie, please don't go!" Blinkie sobbed. Minkie's mouth turned into a weak smile, and her eyelids began to droop. "NO! No, no, no, Minkie! Obsidian Pie! Sing with me! 'Smile, no pony cares how you feel, you can make this world kneel if you just smile!' Come on, sing the next verse!"

"Sm... i... le..." came Minkie Pie's weak voice, but no other words came out, and she stopped moving.

"No! No!" cried Blinkie Pie. The other two were sobbing, even as Inkie gently placed Minkie on the floor and closed her dead eyes.

"This can't be happening..." Pinkie Pie mumbled.

"We have to go," said Inkie Pie, aggressively wiping her eyes. "They will find us here." Even though they wanted to give Minkie Pie a proper burial, the three remaining Pies left the hut and crept silently through the forest, looking for a good way out.

"You don't think they killed Babs and Apple Bloom too, do you?" whispered Blinkie Pie.

"I doubt it," replied Inkie. "They're children, I seriously doubt Celestia would have them killed." They slinked almost like cats among the bushes and trees. Suddenly, Pinkie's entire body began to wiggle, and then she immediately tackled Blinkie Pie to the ground. She cried out in pain as she was shot in the shoulder. Inkie Pie instinctively crouched low. "I think we're surrounded!"

"I'm the only one with Pinkie sense!" said Pinkie. Another wiggle went through her body, and this time, shoved Inkie Pie out of the way. Even though she was injured, Pinkie Pie kept using her sense to predict where the bullets were coming from and shoving her sisters out of the way.

"Enough running, Pinkie Pie," said Celestia as her and her entourage came through the trees. Before Pinkie could grab her, Celestia lifted Blinky Pie into the air, and one of the soldiers fired a machine gun, ripping her apart with a spray of countless bullets.

"BLINKIE PIE!!" screamed Inkie, and she was overcome with rage. She turned to Pinkie Pie. "Run."

"But! What about you?!" Pinkie sobbed.

"It doesn't matter. I will stall them as long as I can. I need you to run, no matter what you hear. Got it?" Pinkie's lip trembled, but she nodded and tore off into the night as fast as she could.

It was hard to see because of the tears in her eyes, and Pinkie continued to sob as she ran, the tears sparkling in a trail behind her. There were angry screams and grunts, and lastly, a scream of pain. Just then, another Pinkie sense told her Marblestone Pie was dead, and she wailed in despair, then gritted her teeth and tried to run faster.

Pinkie was forced to stop when she came to a cliff. Recognizing it was the cliff she had almost jumped off of as a teenager, she turned to see that her enemies had never been far behind. They had probably been using a teleportation spell.

"There's nowhere to run, Pinkie Pie," said Luna, and every soldier had their guns pointed at the party pony. She sniffled and stood her ground.

"How did you find us?" she asked.

"We had asked the citizens of Canterlot to brainstorm and come up with any plans to finally catch you," Celestia explained. "Figure Eights was terminally ill. Pancreatic cancer. He was going to die in just a couple moons. He found a spell that, when cast on a pony, it tracks their location if the pony dies, it shows where the body is. It's an old spell they used during the Great War to find bodies.

"We sent Figure Eights to you," she continued. "He volunteered to be killed by you. I told him he was going to be tortured, but he said it wouldn't matter as long as it stopped you. He had friends in Ponyville who were murdered. We also had to make sure that he could trick your sister, the one who can spot lies. We came up with two plans so that the first one could fail by being captured by you. Now that the plan has worked, we will end you." Pinkie Pie started laughing, though tears were streaming down her face.

"You're a killer too now, don't you realize that?" she cackled. "You killed my sisters,

which includes Derpy! Come on, Celestia, didn't that feel good? Didn't you get the rush?"

"I don't kill ponies, I kill monsters. You are a monster," Celestia finalized. Pinkie Pie backed up, her feet right at the crumbly edge of the cliff.

"If I have to go out..." she said softly. "I'll go out... on my own terms." Pinkie Pie reared up, shouted, "HA!" and fell backward off of the cliff. Luna made to go catch her, but Celestia threw out her arm to stop her.

"No, sister," she said. They all waited until a distant thump was heard, and then Celestia turned to her pegasi soldiers. "Retrieve the body. If she's somehow still alive, kill her." They did as they were told, and flew down to find the dead party pony, the one who will never party again.

"Fillies and gentlecolts," Princess Celestia addressed all of the citizens who had been rescued from the castle, some sporting permanent injuries. "I am pleased to tell you that you are safe from the ponies known as 'the bakers.' The fillies are in custody, and the rest are dead."

"They've broken out before!" somepony said in fright.

"That will not happen this time," said Celestia. "They will be guarded twenty-four seven, there are no windows in their cell, and they have no pony on the outside to help them."

"What are their sentences?" asked another pony.

"Apple Bloom will be executed when she turns eighteen, and Babs Seed will be released in twenty years." There was a fearful murmur among the crowd, and Luna gently tapped her hoof on the podium to get their attention.

"I understand this will cause some concern," said Luna, "but we don't have as much evidence against Babs as we do Apple Bloom, so her crime is lesser."

"But you have us as witnesses!" said Big Mac angrily.

"This... is going to make us rethink our justice system a bit," said Celestia. "Even though Babs Seed is set to be free in twenty years, that's only if we think she won't reoffend. If we have any indication of violence, we will keep her."

"Where's Discord?" asked a stallion, and ponies mumbled in agreement. Celestia took a moment to answer.

"We... don't know," said finally said. "The bakers didn't have any way to turn him back into stone, and I'm almost positive he visited Fluttershy when she was in the hospital, but no pony else has seen him. He might just be at home not knowing what to do after the deaths of his friends."

"How will we rebuild when so many of us are injured?" asked a mare.

"Myself, my sister, our soldiers, and volunteers from Canterlot will help rebuild Ponyville, as well as aid in your healing," said Celestia. "I am so sorry this happened to you, and I take full responsibility--"

"It wasn't *your* fault!" said multiple ponies immediately.

"We still take responsibility," said Luna. "There's more we could have done. For instance, from now on, calling somepony a 'blank flank' will get you in serious trouble. It's not your place to make fun of anypony who just hasn't found their purpose yet."

"The next change is that police ponies will carry firearms, even unicorns," Celestia said. "Not only that, but there will be more of them around patrolling the town, so you can go up to them if there's a problem. Next, the Cakes have returned to Sugarcube Corner, but the basement will be filled up and unusable. Finally, ponies coming off the train must state their business wherever they go. I know it's going to be bothersome, but it's for your safety. Any questions?"

"What about Cloudsdale? It's gone!"

"Cloudsdale will be rebuilt as well," said Luna. "Anything else?"

"What do we do if our parents were killed?" asked a filly. "I'm all alone..."

"We ask that the adult ponies help orphans as much as possible, and we'll build an orphanage," said Luna. "Is that all?" The battered and beaten ponies looked around at each other, waiting for somepony to speak, but nothing came. "Alright. We would like each of you to find a place to rest before we start work on the town."

"That will be all," Celestia finalized, and everypony cleared out.

A few days later, ponies from Canterlot came just as the princesses promised, and work on rebuilding the town begun. For some Ponyville citizens, the labor was physically difficult, but for others, they were bothered by the mental damage due to trauma. The princesses provided therapists to anypony who needed them.

Apple Bloom and Babs Seed shared a cell. Apple Bloom was the only pony on Death Row, so they didn't have a separate section of the prison for that. The pair had heard about the deaths of their friends, and they decided it was over, there was no more fighting, no more plans, they just needed to take the punishment.

Babs was visited by her sister, Jazz. To say she was angry is an understatement.

"YOU!" she shouted through the holes in the glass. "Ya were all worried, and whinin 'bout Apple Bloom, and this whole time it was YOU! How would mom and dad react! Have a heart attack, I'm bettin! Please tell me ya didn't actually *kill* somepony!"

"I... am not denying it..." Babs mumbled, and Jazz put her hooves to her head.

"Unbelievable!" she said. "Unbe-frickin-lievable! Well, ya ain't welcome home when ya get out. Don't even try comin to me for anythin, I don't want nothin to do with ya!" And with that, Jazz left and never came back.

There was another pony who was angry with Babs. She received a letter from her old friend Chain Link, who had moved away from Manehattan before she came to Ponyville. It read:

*Babs~*

*When I heard what happened, I thought there had been some sort of mistake. I heard about you and your cousin in custody, I heard about everything they know you did, and everything they think you did, which you probably did. I. Am. Pissed. I knew it. I knew there was something wrong with you, I saw it in your eyes. When I heard about your bullies dying, I knew it was you, it had to be. I can't believe I taught you so much and gave you so much of my time. Would you have killed me too? Do you think I'd make a good cupcake? I wasted my time on you. I don't ever want to hear from you or see you ever again, so don't write back. And no way in hell am I coming to visit you. You should be ashamed of yourself. Goodbye.*

*Sincerely, Chain Link*

Babs threw the letter away when she was done reading it, crying, not sure if she *did* feel ashamed, or if she was simply upset that she got caught. Her and Apple Bloom never talked about it. They didn't talk much at all.

Eight years later, Apple Bloom was led out of their cell. Babs grabbed her hoof briefly, said, "see ya later," and watched her be taken away. She wasn't allowed at the execution, but she wasn't sure if she wanted to be there anyway.

From then on, Babs was alone. Prisoners had avoided her and Apple Bloom because they were the only murderers. Everypony else stole something, broke into something, or had forbidden substances. Now Babs didn't even have Apple Bloom. Most of these prisoners would leave long before she was released. The loneliness was very hard.

Babs stayed on good behavior simply out of giving up. She didn't think she could break out, and wasn't sure if she wanted to. The years went by, she kept her head down, her mouth shut, her brain turned off. Finally, twenty years were up, and she was released.

Babs squinted in the sunlight as she stepped out of the building. She was nervous, but made her way to main Ponyville, where the scars of her actions showed on a majority of the citizens. As Babs walked by, she got dirty looks from every pony she passed. Ponies who were once foals now shielded their own children from the criminal. Babs just kept her head down sadly, walking to Sweet Apple Acres.

After knocking on the door, Big Mac answered the door. He scowled when he saw who it was.

"What?" he snapped.

"Um..." said Babs tentatively. "I... I know ya hate me but... I need a place ta stay, just for the night... please let me stay the night and I'll be outta your hair by mornin..." The stallion considered her for a moment, and then sighed, stepping aside to let her in.

"Y'all can stay in Apple Bloom's old room," he told her. "But I don't wanna see ya, ya hear?"

"I got it... thanks..." said Babs, and she went upstairs to Apple Bloom's room.

It was just how she left it. Her bed was made, there were stuffed animals and other toys, books, and even some old plans from before she had her cutie mark. Babs saw a scrapbook on the shelf and took it, sitting on the floor and looking through it. There were so many innocent pictures of the entire baking team doing things like swimming, catching butterflies, rollerskating, having picnics, nothing murderous. *Those* scrapbooks had been in the castle and are probably gone by now.

Tears fell from Babs' eyes as she looked at Apple Bloom. She hadn't cried about her death yet, but now, seeing her so happy, she openly sobbed, holding herself, desperate for comfort. She had no pony, she was more alone free than she was in prison.

Babs tucked herself into the bed, even though it was daytime, and held the book to her like a teddy bear. Big Mac didn't want to see her, so she wasn't going to eat, she was just going to lay there until morning. Tears continued to slide down her cheeks.

The next morning, Big Mac was up bright and early. He stretched and yawned before opening the door. He wondered if Babs had already left, but he didn't want to check. As he walked toward the orchard, he saw something weird in one of the trees. He trotted closer, and when he got a good look, he gasped.

Babs Seed was hanging from a noose. She had killed herself.

Big Mac stared at her, then pursed his lips and sighed, shaking his head. She had done the most cowardly thing she could have in her situation. Still...

"Good riddance," he said to himself, and went into town to find an officer.

And so, in a way, the bakers *did* rock Equestria, for they've been written into history books as the first and only group of serial killers. All of their bodies have been buried in an unmarked grave, and there was no funeral for them. For all the pegasi without wings and the unicorns without horns, they all just wanted to forget.

But they couldn't. No pony would ever be able to forget.

THE END